

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVEIVER.

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Poetry.

THE HOLY NIGHTS.

Some say that 'gainst the time that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawn singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome then no planets strike,
No fairy takes or witch hath power to charm,
No hallo and no incantation's time.—HARLER.

Hushed be the voice of mirthfulness,
And stilled be the plaintive tones of care,
Let the tinkling hymns of the season go
Go forth to float on the midnight air;
It is no time for the wild excess,
No time for the loose unbridled reign
That passion gives to her violator
When they sever away the golden chain.

Stilled on the ears of the seraph choir
Let the tinkling hymns of the season go
As they sweep their hands of the golden wire
To the anthem of love and peace below;
And let us keep in a holy mood
The coming hours of that sacred time
When the word went forth for the hush of blood
And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

When the hosts of the upper region stirred
That another star came forth to shine,
And the rush of an angel's wing was heard
O'er the moonlit plain of Palestine,
And a soldier light o'er the earth was flung
And the angel stars waned to longer time,
And forth on a thousand harp strings
The first notes of the angel's hymn.

The same bright stars that then looked down
With a guardian watch o'er hill and plain,
Unfading gems in the starry crown
Glistening on the blue roman,
And the same stars that then were round
As they watched their flocks that holy time,
An echo with us to-night has found
In the new-born light of another clime.

It has been felt this many a year,
The sacred spell of the season's death,
And brighter glow of the sunny sphere
As it came that time with the angel's breath,
For brighter yet the stars gleam out
As the noisome vapor shrinks away
From the open plains that it hung about
Darkened his day this many a day.

Let her the spirit's things come
Let her the spirit's things come
Of him who ruled in the spirit's home,
Who wrote and sang for the end of time!
Hark how he tells when the time is near,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long,
And the fairy legends disappear
When he comes abroad with his matin song.

No spirit's forth, nor the rank compound
That flows with the wickets' midnight toll,
No deeps of the forest close resound
With the wizard shriek and the cauldron boil,
No phantoms still the wraiths of the blood
With the mockery of a demon fire,
No vapors veil with a sickly shroud
The noisome top of the old church spire.

For he who stood in that dreadful watch
On the gray rampart of Elsinore
Told how they sneaked from their revel catch
As their voices were all the time was o'er;
We feel it now, as he felt it then,
That the air is full of holiness,
And we need not forms from the earth again
Of the starry hosts to guard and bless.

Then stilled on the ears of the seraph choir
Let the tinkling hymns of the season go
As they sweep their hands of the golden wire
To the anthem of love and peace below;
And let us keep in a holy mood
The passing hours of that sacred time
When the word went forth for the hush of blood
And the passing knell for the soul of crime!

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE MARYE FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XII.

As the Emperor left the Forum, Fiducia, throwing her veil hastily over her face, had sat down on the marble block. She had heard her sentence without the least apparent trepidation, and sat motionless as the block underneath her.

And yet was ever a helpless and unprotected female seen occupying a situation more truly affecting, or more trying to all the feelings of nature? What else than the arm of omnipotence could possibly have sustained her in it?

And then as the soldiers led her from the hall of the court, the crowd of spectators followed rudely after. They conducted themselves, however, with as much decorum as could possibly have been expected. Only one of them, thrusting himself forward, caught her veil and partly tore it from her face, but for which he paid dearly by receiving a severer cut in the hand from a dexterously wielded sword. Indeed there seemed a disposition on the part of the crowd, for some cause or other, to protect rather than insult this victim of merciless tyranny.

Valens, at first, threw himself carelessly into the midst of the crowd, and made himself as much as possible one of them. He even seemed to take a misanthropic part in the scene, or, at least, to be in no wise moved or affected by it.

As soon as they had passed out of the door, however, and entered the great square, the soldiers as well as rabble became more misanthropic and noisy, and less attentive to the person in charge. Several of the soldiers separated from her, and mingled with the crowd, leaving such as choose to occupy their places.

This was Valens' opportunity. Pressing forward, with an anxious, bleeding heart, he succeeded in getting a place quite at her side.

At length, stooping forward, he said, in a low whisper:
"My daughter!"
"Father!" said she, in a low, melting voice, as she cast her eyes up in his face from under her veil.

"God bless you, my child!" said he, in a stifled voice.
"I rejoice! I'm happy,—only one request."
"Speak—quickly."
"That my child be brought on to-morrow, that I may see its sweet, dear face once more;—see it from the flames!" said she.

"Thou shalt see it. God bless thee, my daughter—farewell—we'll meet again."

This conversation, no one had either heard or noticed, and, in a moment, Valens was lost in the crowd.

On the opposite side of the square, there was a low, black building, built of rough, unheaven stone, and destitute of all architectural taste or ornament. It had no windows in front, and but a single door or entrance, of a low circular shape, and which opened into a dark, narrow, vaulted passage.

As the soldiers approached, the circular door was suddenly thrown open from within, and a fierce, savage looking monster, with a pale blue light in his hand, stood in the vaulted passage. Seizing Fiducia roughly by the hand, he dragged her hastily along it, the soldiers following closely after.

The passage abruptly terminated in a flight of black, damp stone steps, leading into an underground apartment, consisting of rows of cells or dungeons, dismal and filthy beyond conception.

Into one of these Fiducia was thrown, and secured around the body by a fastening in the wall, there to await.—Oh! who can tell with what emotions,—the fitted hour.

Who, however, will say that a radiant glory did not fill the doomed one's cell,—that the weary head of the poor captive did not that night rest on the soft, warm bosom of some angel visitor; or that, had some midnight angel bent at the barred, massive door, the sweet praises of God had not been heard sung in glad, joyous strains!

Valens had remained lingering outside till the soldiers returned, and saw the circular door securely fastened, and the crowd dispersed. Then, with a quick step and a sad, sorrowful heart, he turned in the direction of his home.

It is hardly necessary to say, that his family had been waiting his return with the utmost anxiety. Since he left, Valencia, had been in her private apartment, while Valentinus and Vertitia were in the hall, in the greatest possible distress.

Of course, he had perilled his life, and ten chances to one would fall into the hands of his enemies. Hence his return was awaited with an intense, breathless interest, especially by his poor, dear wife, who, as we have said, was all the while in her chamber,—now on her knees in prayer, and now pacing the floor in a state of mind almost bordering on distraction. But if he succeeded in the object of his perilous adventure, and could only bring back with him any tidings of the "lost one," good or evil, it would be some consolation. So thought the distracted mother—so thought the sorrowing brother and sister.

"There! there!" exclaimed Vertitia, springing from her seat; "there's father," as the sound of footsteps was heard at the door.

Instantly it opened, and Valens entered, with a strange palor spread over his manly features, and an evident struggle to conceal his emotions.

Valencia, hearing the door open, had rushed from her chamber, and, almost frantic, threw her arms around his neck, while Valentinus and Vertitia, standing before him, gazed into his face with inquiring, sorrowful looks.

"Fiducia! Fiducia!" exclaimed Valencia, wildly, and scarce knowing what she said.

"Heaven is merciful," said Valens, bursting into tears.

"Quickly! O, tell me, quickly!" again exclaimed the impatient, almost demented mother.

"God be praised!" saw her—talked with her—but his choking grief would allow him to say no more.

She yet lives then?" said Valencia, more calmly.

"To-morrow at ten o'clock she will cease from all her earthly sorrows, and rest in Jesus' arms," said Valens, with a brightened countenance.

"Oh! my daughter!—my dearest Fiducia!" sobbed Valencia, her head reclining on the shoulder of her husband.

"In the Forum did mine eyes see her,—saw her receive her sentence without a murmur or a tear. God be praised for such a child," said he with a look of resignation.

"Where, to-night?" said Vertitia, whose eyes all the while had been fixed on her father, with a strange wildness.

"In the old Tower. Oh, God have mercy!" said Valens, again bursting into tears.

"Then I shall see my poor, dear sister no more!" said she, turning away in agony of grief.

"She desires one more sight of her child, and heaven will grant a dying mother's prayer," said Valens, as he walked towards the door of the hall.

To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

DOESTICKS SEE! THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.

Being satiated with the ordinary common place things of every day life, and having heard a great deal about the mysterious communications telegraphed to this our ignorant sphere by wise and benignant spirits of bliss, through the dignified medium of old chairs, washstands and cardtables, we three (who met again) determined to put ourselves in communication with the next world, to find out, if possible, our chances of a favorable reception when business or pleasure calls us in that direction. Up Broadway till we came to an illuminatory three cornered transparency, (which made Bull Dogge smack his lips and say "oysters,") which informed us that within, a large assortment of spirits were constantly in attendance, ready to answer inquiries, or to run on errands in the spirit world and bring the ghost of anybody's defunct relations that classic spot for controversial purposes, all for the moderate charge of twenty-five cents. (Dampfool, who had been there before, said that those "delicate Ariels" were the spirits of departed newboys who had been thrown out of their legitimate business, and strive to get an honest living by doing these eighteen-penny jobs.) Entered the room with becoming gravity and becoming awe. Two old fozzles in white neck cloths, and no collars, a returned Californian in an Indian blanket, two peaked-nosed old maids, a good looking widow, with a little boy, our own trio, and the "medium," composed the whole of the assembled multitude. The "medium," aforesaid was a vinegar complexioned woman, very ruby nose, mouth the exact shape of the sound hole to a violin, who wore green spectacles and petticoat of equivocal purity.

The furniture consisted of several chairs, no carpet, a small stand a large dining table, and in one corner of the room a bedstead, wash stand, and a bookcase, with writing desk on top. After some remarks by the medium, we formed the magic circle by sitting close together and putting our hand on the table.—Bull Dogge took a big drink before he laid his ponderous fist by the side of the others.

After a short length of time the table began to shake its rickety legs; to flap its leaves after the manner of wings; and to utter ominous squeaks from its crazy old joints. Pretty soon, "knock," under Dampfool's hand; he trembled and turned pale, but on the whole, stood his ground like a man. Knock, knock in my immediate vicinity—looked under the table, but couldn't see anybody—knock, knock, knock, KNOCK directly under Bull Dogge's elbow. He frightened, jumped from his seat, and prepared to run, but sensible to the last, he took a drink, felt better—took off his hat and said "ad—n—i!"—and resumed his seat.—Knocking became general—medium said the spirits were ready to answer questions—asked if any spirit would talk to me—yes. Come along, I remarked—noisy spirit announced its advent by a series of knocks, which would have done honor to a dozen penny postmen "rolled into one." Asked who it was—ghost of my uncle—(never had an uncle)—inquired if he was happy—tolerably. What are you about?—principal occupations are, hunting wild-geese catching catfish, chopping pine lumber, and making hickory whipp stocks. How's your wife?—sober, just at present. Do you have good liquor, up there?—yes, (very emphatically.) What is your comparative situation?—am in the second sphere; hope soon to get promoted to the third, where they only work six hours a day, and have apple pumpkins every day for dinner—good bye—wife wants me to come and spank the baby. One of the old fozzles now wanted to talk spirit; was gratified by the remains of his maternal grandmother, who hammered out in a series of forcible raps the gratifying intelligence that she was very well contented, and spent most of her time drinking green tea, and singing Yankee Doodle.

Dampfool now took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive he was one of 'em)—on demand, the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse race, and had just pawned his coat and a spare shirt to set him up in business again, as a pop-corn merchant.—(Dampfool sat down exhausted, and borrowed the brandy bottle.) Disconsolate widow gets a communication from her husband that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don't want to come back to her—no thank you—would rather not. Old maid inquires if husbands are plenty—to her great joy is informed the prospect is good. Little boy asks if when he gets into the other world he can have a long tailed coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whispers, and says that he has always wore a short jacket, and he expects when he gets to Heaven he'll be a bottled Angel.

Dampfool's attention to the bottle has reassured his spirits, (he is easily effected by brandy)—one glass made him want to treat all his friends—when he has two bumpers in him he owns a deal of real estate and glass No. 3 makes him rich enough to buy the Custom House, and he now ventures another inquiry of his relative, who shuts him up, by telling him as

soon as he gets sober enough to tell Maiden Lane from a light-house, to go home and go to bed.

Went at it myself; inquired all sorts of things from all kinds, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey." Results as follows: By means of thumps, raps, and spiritual kicks, I learned that Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the millinery business.—Julius Caesar is peddling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine and Jack Sheppard keep a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat. Xerxes and Othello are driving opposition stages. George 3d set up a caravan, and is waiting patiently for Kossuth and Barnum to come and go halves. Dow, Junior, is boss of a Methodist camp meeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing penny "ante" with the three graces. Benedict Arnold has opened a lager beer saloon, and left a vacancy for S. A. Douglas, (white man.) John Bunyan is clown in a circus, John Calvin, Dr. Johnson Sykes, Plutarch, Rob Roy, Davy Jones, General Jackson, and Dampfool's Grandfather, are about establishing a traveling theatre, having borrowed the capital, (two per cent a month) they open with "How to pay rent."—Dr. Johnson in a fancy dance to conclude with the "Widow's Victim," the principal part by Mr. Pickwick. Jo. Smith has bought out the Devil, and is going to convert Tophet into a Mormon Paradise. Shakespeare has progressed in his new play as far as the fourth act, where he has got the hero seven miles and a half up in a balloon, while the disconsolate heroine is hanging by her hair to a limb over a precipice; question is how the heroic lover shall get down and rescue his lady-love before her hair breaks, or her head pulls off.

Spirits now began to come without invitation like Puddies to a wake. Soul of an alderman called for a dish of clam soup and bread and butter. Ghost of a newsboy sung out for an Evening post. All that was left of a Bowery fireman wanted to know if Forty had got her but fixed, and a new inch and a half nozzle.

Ghost of Marmon wanted a dish of soft crabs and called out after the old fashion to charge it to Stanly. Medium had by this time got all control over her ghostly company.—Spirits or wraiths, soldiers, officers, (Dampfool trembled,) ladies, saloon keepers, dancers, actors, widows, circus riders, in fact all varieties of ostreoporous spirits, began to play the devil with things generally; the dining table jumped up, turned two somersets, and landed with one leg in the widow's lap, one in Dampfool's mouth, and the other two on the sanctimonious looking individuals who sat opposite; the washstand exhibited strong symptoms to dance the Jenny Lind Polka on Bull Dogge's head; the book case kept time with extraordinary vigor, and made faces at the company generally; our walking canes and umbrellas premonished round the room in couples, without the slightest regard to corns and other pedal vegetables—while the bedsteads in the corner were extemporizing a comic song, with a vigorous accompaniment on the soup dish, the washbowl and other bed-room crockery.

Bull Dogge here made a rush for the door, and dashed wildly down Broadway, pursued, as he avers to this day, by the spirit of an Irishman, with a pick axe, a hand saw and a ghostly wheebarrow. Concluding I had seen enough, I took Dampfool, and B. D.'s bottle, (empty of he never would have left it,) and went home, satisfied that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of," except by lying "mediums" so called; who are too lazy to work, and too cowardly to get an honorable living, adopt this method to sponge their bread and butter out of those, whom God, in his mysterious wisdom, had seen fit to send on earth, weak enough to believe their idiotic ravings.

Disgusted but still zealous,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. E.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.—A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, constitute, in the minds of its possessors, the deepest undercurrent of life; the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slightest courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to the slight wishes, habitual respect to opinions, unwavering attention to the comfort of others abroad and at home, and above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that happiness which age and habit fail to impair.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son—a fast urchin, as he came home from school. "Well, I don't know, boss," was the reply of the young hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acher, if you got such a tanning as I did from old viegar face this afternoon."

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Massachusetts was happily represented by the celebration of the New York Historical Society. Hon. ROBERT C. WESTROOP made a noble speech, from which we make the following truly eloquent extract:—

"Let me not draw these remarks to a close without adding a word more serious; without saying that we ought, none of us, to be forgetful that, after all, sir, there is another work—a work going on in this day and generation—besides that of writing the history of our fathers, and that is, the acting of our own parts in life. [Great applause.] We cannot live upon the glories of the past. Historic memories are precious and inspiring. Let us sustain our institutions, let us preserve our liberty, for there is another history to be written, to which every State, and every citizen at this hour, and every hour, is the contributing materials. In the generous rivalry of sister States, each may furnish the most brilliant records of the past, but this should not render us regardless of that nobler rivalry, in which it becomes all more ardently and ambitiously to engage.

"I know no nobler spectacle in the history of the world than that of the multiplied States of this Union, joining with fraternal competition which should add the brightest page to the history of the future, the noblest example of well-directed liberty, the most complete illustration of the success of that republican experiment, of which our soil has been providentially selected as the scene. If these thirty-one Commonwealths, ranged under a common banner from ocean to ocean, could be seen engaged in such a contention as this, instead of a struggle for some miserable political mastery, or selfish ascendancy; instead of cherishing a spirit of mutual jealousy and hate by striving to aggrandize themselves either territorially or commercially at each other's expense, should they be seen laboring side by side to improve each one its own character—to reform each one its own abuses—to abolish each one its own wrongs—to show the best efforts of which civilization, Christianity, and freedom are capable, what a history would there be to the world hereafter! Who would not envy the writer the privilege of penning such a record! Methinks he would catch some inspiration from the palmist of old—his pen would be that of a 'sacredly written.' No cold and heartless skeptic could portray such a progress; no Gibbon could delineate the glowing picture. He might be trusted with the task which told the decline and fall of empire, but a theme like that would inspire new faith in him who wrote—faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and in the ultimate prevalence of the gospel of Christ, which, after all, is the only sure and effectual instrument by which either social or political—[lost in enthusiastic applause]—that history is to be written; and when written, is to exercise an influence on the world, for good or for evil, such as no other uninspired history has ever yet exerted. It is not too much to say that American history—the history of these United States, and of the several States—is to be the fountain to mankind of such a hope or of such despair, as they have never yet conceived of. [Great applause.] You have all heard how the accomplished Lieut. Maury has been engaged in gathering the old log-books of your sailors, out of them to make wind and current charts to render voyages across the ocean more safe and speedy. So it would be with the log-books of our great Republic and these lesser Republics which sail under a common flag. From those is to be made up the great sailing chart of freedom.—[Applause.] God grant that on no corner of it shall be found the sad record that here, upon some hidden rock, or there among the breakers, or there in a fatal fog, by desertion of some cowardly crew, [sensation and applause,] or by the recklessness of some rash helmsman, a 'New Era' struck, foundered, and went to pieces, to the exaltation of despots and the deep grief of all friends of freedom. [Great applause.] May it rather give encouragement to all who range upon the same sea, that there is a prosperous voyage before them, and a safe haven within their reach!" [Applause.]

CURIOUS STRATAGEM OF TENIER.—The great printer, perceiving that the works of painters sold much better after the death of their authors, wisely determined to anticipate the recensionary profits of talent; and to effect this, thought he could not adopt a better expedient than to cease to live to the public. In order to execute this singular stratagem, he absented himself from the town of Auvers, and his wife and children counterfeited affliction by putting on black. The trick succeeded, and in a very short time all the pieces of the pretended deceased were bought up at very high prices, which, besides relieving his present wants, enabled him to realize a handsome sum for the future.—[Anecdotes of Artists.]

"Mother," said a Spartan boy going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply of the heroic woman.—So should it be with all our duties of life.—When we cannot reach the height we aim at, add a step, and keep on adding until we reach it.

"If there is anything that will swell a man's eyes about as large as a row of pumpkins, it is to see a girl's heels half way out of her stockings. Such sort of delaine is invariably bad put together."

Days Without Nights.—Dr. Baird, in his lectures delivered recently at Cincinnati, said: "There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned about midnight; it was light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if the inhabitants had all gone away or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed.

"The sun goes down at Stockholm at a little before 10 o'clock. There is a great illumination all night; as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of its rays are such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in a forest near Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain in Bohemia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night.—The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes the sun began to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees at 7 o'clock, P. M., and stay there till late in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late too.

AVENUE.—Louis the Eleventh, whose *mal-de-mignone* was the Abbe Debaigne, dispensed one day to be pleasant, told the Abbe that he should, above all things, like to hear a concert of hogs, not at the same time, believing that the relation of such a treat was possible. The Abbe, however, determined to be as factitious as his Majesty, collected a great number of the swine species of various ages, and confining them in a large box-like enclosure, with holes of communication on one side, he, on that side, placed a table, furnished with a certain number of keys, similar to those of a harpsichord, but armed, at the other side, with through the holes, with long, fine quality, and so arranged that when his Majesty's left-hand keys, the old hogs grunted, and when he touched those on the right, the young pigs squealed, and by the charming mixture of their high and low notes, produced a concord of sweet sounds.—Bouchet, who narrates this story, adds, that when the King was invited to hear the Abbe's newly-invented instrument, he was highly diverted, laughed heartily, and gave him much credit for his contrivance.

A SHORT COURTESY.—Unaccountable and unexpected marriages and elopements and remarkable short courtships are getting to be quite common of late. One of the latter sort occurred in Sarepta, Miss., on the 24th ult.—A young lady came to the village on the evening previous and stopped at the house of a friend. The next morning about 10 o'clock a young gentleman residing in the village called at the house where the young lady was stopping, and was introduced to her. They had never seen each other before. In a few hours *tele-a-tele* the fair enchantress so fascinated the amorous swain that he at once popped the question. The lady, with some confusion and much blushing, of course, accepted the proposition, at 4 o'clock, the same afternoon they were married!—Wasn't that hurrying up the cakes?

JUVENILE AMERICA.—In President Allen's lecture before the Merchants' Association, in Boston, on Monday evening, he alluded to Young America in the following style: "Our children show extraordinary precocity. The Miss drops the bib in the evening, and dons the bonnet in the morning, and the belle makes but a single jump from the cradle to the cotillion, from pa to the polka. The boy, but we have no boys now—young gentlemen is the word,—feels insulted if he is met in the street, and not called 'Mister.'" He goes from the baby cap to the beaver, and in a twinkling from peanuts to politics. He finishes his education at 14, goes into business at 18, marries at 20, and is bankrupt at 21."

Girls who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books, will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill, as to the style and sentiment, at 12 or 14 years old, than those of a more advanced age who are under the discipline of severe studies; but the former, having early attained to that low standard which had been held out to them, become stationary while the latter are quickly progressing to a higher strain of mind; and those who early begin with talking and writing like woman, commonly end with thinking and acting like children.—*Ladies' Paper.*

In Cuba, the coffin is not buried with the body—so that the same coffin may answer for hundreds of funerals. In rural villages there is a public coffin, as we have in our villages a public hearse.

Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the seat of war. Fobbs says he found it last summer without a map.—The discovery was made by sitting down upon a yellow wasp's nest in a hay field.

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